



Original Communications.

For the Tablet.

Mutability of all things Human.

"Marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the graver's mem'ry pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust."

Cowper.

Though we have the strongest evidence to believe that every particle of matter *now* exists that ever did, no axiom is plainer than that it is perpetually changing the form and mode of that existence. Whenever we turn our eyes we see a constant process of change and decay, or, if it is not made palpable to our senses, our experience instructs us that it is nevertheless going on; and we most unhesitatingly give our assent to the proposition, that on nature and art, alike, are written in characters indelible, *mutability* and *decay*.

On nothing in the *natural* world can we fix our grasp with the proud triumph—"ages may roll away, but thou shalt endure: storms and tempests shall not deface, nor the finger of time impair thy beauty. Man and his works may perish, and mingle with their kindred dust; but thou shalt stand, and rear thy head amid heaps of ruins, a proud monument of thy Creator's skill!" We read the destiny of nature in the drooping plant, the falling leaf, the withering flower. Spring clothes the vegetable kingdom with verdure and beauty; summer diffuses the richness and luxuriance of maturity over its tender herbage; autumn beholds a landscape teeming with universal sterility and death, sapping its life-blood from plant, and shrub, and flower. Amid the most enchanting beauty on which the human vision can rest, lie concealed the seeds of death. The flower blooms but to fade; the rose diffuses its fragrance only as the pledge of its decay. The stately oak too, which rears high its head and defies the bleak winds of winter, yields to the law which has fixed the destiny of all things human. When the snow of a few winters has whitened its branches, and the frightful tempest has played around its summit, the process of decay commences, slow yet sure; and shortly where stood the proud oak, waving gracefully its foliage to the summer breeze, shoots high the lifeless trunk, with no branch or leaf to answer to the passing gale.

These, however, are instances which are palpable to our senses; they fall under our every day's observation, and cannot escape our notice. But the truth, which I am endeavoring to illustrate, is equally applicable to many objects in nature on which the eye is wont to fix as something not subject to those laws of decay, which are blasting every thing beautiful and fair around us. The mineral kingdom, which appears to the eye unchanged from year to year, is under a sure, though imperceptible process of decay. The diamond, the quartz, and the flint-stone, which are of so firm and hard a texture as to have become, by the common consent of mankind, standards of comparison, crumble before the silent and ceaseless flow of years. The mountain which pierces the blue arch of heaven and sustains upon its summit the sluggish cloud, to which man has applied the proud epithet *everlasting*, changes with every revolving year, and will ever change till the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, and the earth is wrapped in flames.

Perhaps it may not be altogether irrelevant or fanciful, by analogy, from this to other worlds. As one Being rules and governs all, may not the suns and systems which perform their revolutions in illimitable space, be subjected to a law of decay similar to the one we discover in our own globe? May not the changes which we experience here, constitute a part, small indeed, but nevertheless a part of one great system, which pervades the entire universe which the Deity has made, extending to the remotest star which twinkles in the canopy of night—a system which is destined to operate till the present order of things, with its impurities, is wrapped in one general conflagration, and a new universe, like the Phenix, arises from the ashes of the old, surpassing it in loveliness and beauty? Thus the beautiful picture of the poet, addressed, doubtless, rather to the imagination than the understanding, assumes the grandeur and importance of prophecy.

"Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail, as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from Heaven's high arch shall rush;
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush;
Headlong, extinct, to one dark center fall,
And Death, and Night, and Chaos, mingle all!
—Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal Nature lifts her changeable form;
Mounts from the funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars, and shines—another and the same."

Nor does *art* exhibit to the eye any thing more stable or abiding. The strongest fabrics which it is possible for man to construct, perpetuate the memory of their authors but a few centuries, at farthest.

"We build with what we deem eternal rock;
A distant age asks where the fabric stood."

Reader, dost thou doubt?—visit then the republics of the old world; go to the classic land of Greece and Rome. Where now is the Parthenon, whose grandeur and beauty has been celebrated by a thousand tongues, and in every land? and where the statue of its presiding Deity, the masterpiece of Grecian sculpture? The dust and ruin of ages are gathering over them. A magnificent pile of ruins is all that now remains, and if the progress of decay be as rapid as it has been for more than a century past, a few years will show not one marble standing upon another, on the site of the Parthenon, once the wonder of the world. Go to Egypt, the cradle of science and the arts. Homer tells us there *was* a "hundred-gated Thebes;" but its splendor and magnificence are passed away. She no longer sends her two hundred chariots from every gate to fight her battles and achieve her victories. Stillness, the dull, gloomy stillness of the grave broods over her dilapidated walls, her ruined arches and crumbling colonnades. The thistle, jutting from the wall, nods to the passing breeze, and the lizard and snake are undisturbed occupants of courts and halls, where erst were heard the soft strains of music and the laugh of merriment and glee.

From the works of art, our thoughts naturally revert to their authors. Amid the general ruin do they survive? Alas! no voice responds to the call—silent still and silent all. They too have ceased to live and act, and over their slumbering ashes the jovial swain drives his flocks and chants his lay, heedless of what lies beneath.—Think of the five millions whom Xerxes is said to have led across the Hellespont into Greece. Where are they now? Ah! that proud and unhappy monarch labored under no illusion of the imagination, when, with a sickening and gloomy sensibility, he wept to think that all the individuals of this vast assemblage would be dead in less than a hundred years. Gracious Heaven! and is this the consummation of every thing human? Must our affections and sympathies

so soon be withered and blasted? "Suff," the voice from Heaven proclaims, "is the irrevocable destiny affixed to all sublinary good; and if ye would possess any thing permanent, any thing abiding, *lay it up in God!*" A.

For the Tablet.

To E——.

My mind is oppressed with a feeling of sadness,
And long will this bosom that sadness retain;
I must soon part from thee, and the thought would
be madness

Did I not fondly hope I might meet thee again.
Those doom'd to the rack on this fond hope relying

Can smile on the torments inflicted in vain;
Can part from the friends who around them are
sighing,

And hope they may meet them in heaven again.

For the Tablet.

Motive.

The examination of the moral machinery which exists in the human constitution, is calculated to promote an habitual admiration and reverence for the wisdom of the Creator, and tends to promote seriousness and thoughtfulness in beings formed for intellectual exercise. The powers and susceptibilities of the human soul, are worthy objects of contemplation; the operations of the will are fit subjects upon which to turn the thoughts: these being the principal characteristics of man as a moral being.

Motive, may be considered as the principle which incites the voluntary powers of a moral agent to action. It operates, not according to the irresistible laws of matter, but according to laws which are consistent with moral agency. Motives are never irresistible; the will is always free to withstand every moral impulse, or to yield to its influence. Motives often derive their relative power from the strength or weakness of the moral perceptions of the soul. The certainty that one course will produce the greatest amount of immediate happiness, does not determine always on which side the scale will preponderate; but the acuteness of the moral sense often turns the scale, and gives the victory to the side of conscience. In moral actions of a negative character, where neither vice nor virtue is involved, the will is always accordant with the "greatest apparent good."

Motives may be supposed to admit of a division into two classes.

The first, are those which are brought to bear upon the will by external agents, and by the operation of the intellectual faculties of the agent himself. Considerations of interest suggested by other minds than our own, are of this class, whose merits are first canvassed by the understanding, and afterwards proposed to the will, which must be considered as a faculty distinct from intellect. Of the same nature are those which the intellectual faculties of the agent himself suggest, which are always subjected to the discriminating voice of the will.

The second class, are those motives which spring from the exercise of the innate

moral perceptions, which are entirely independent of considerations of interest. This moral sense is implanted in the mind by the Supreme Creator, to maintain the equal balance between principle and selfishness, between virtue and vice. There is in human nature, without this intuitive moral sense, a tendency to accede to the claims of self, and to disregard the equal rights of others; but to remedy this defect, this impulse from the divine hand equalizes the scale, and renders man a free agent.

Although the effect produced by motives is not a necessary effect, yet we are not at liberty to deny to the Omniscient the power of foreknowing the operations of the will. It is true, that many who claim that they believe in the divine omniscience, reject this doctrine; yet I see not how they can reconcile ignorance and perfect wisdom; neither can I see how they can receive as true the "word of prophecy:" for surely, this "word" foretells the acts of moral agents.

It is universally admitted, that the Divine Being always acts in view of motives. Yet the manner in which the motives are suggested to the Eternal Mind, is an enigma yet unsolved. Before the creation of the moral universe, the volitions of that vast mind were spontaneous and uncaused: no prayer had been poured out before the Eternal Throne by free intelligences; the burning love of seraphs had not been kindled; no cherub had quaffed the living draughts of knowledge; but the Eternal God was the sum of universal being. His benevolent mind, in the course of duration, conceived the plan of an universe of moral intelligences; his will executed the mighty work; love was the *motive*, and this, too, a spontaneous operation of his infinite will. Since that period, the acts of his free creatures have, perhaps, often wielded the energies of a motive powerful enough to actuate his mind; perhaps the devout aspirations of some being in his universe, have moved him to acts of favor and condescension. One voluntary act of homage, may be, in his view, far preferable to the acts of a whole order of dependent agents. But speculation is perhaps of no utility, except so far as it may be shown to be undeniable inference from established premises.

In voluntary beings, action cannot exist without motive; but this does not form any obstacle to the freedom of the agent; for every one's consciousness demonstrates to him that moral influences may be resisted. Thus we are led to the conclusion, that from the subordinate to the Supreme Agent, freedom reigns throughout the vast empire of MIND.

REFLECTOR.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why is a debtor confined in jail, like a leaky boat? D'y'e give it up? Because he wants *bailing out!*

Why is John Randolph like brown bread? Because he is part *Indian*.

Why is water just frozen like a magistrate? Because it is *just-ice*.

For the Tablet.

Lines

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH YARD, AT EVENING.

I AM wearied with my evening walk,
And here, on sacred ground, where spirits
Of celestial birth, methinks, may sometimes wander,

I'll sit me down upon this grassy hillock,
And meditate. In boyish days, I had not dared,
At this still hour, thus quietly to rest
Amid these monuments of human frailty.

I now bethink me, how oft when evening twilight
Gather'd round, tinging the yew and cypress
With a deeper hue, sadly revolving in
My troubled thoughts some nursery tale,
I've scamper'd over spots like this.

Then every rustling leaf or waving branch,
By Fancy's magic wand, wond'rous
To create, was conjured into sounds and shapes,
Which made my hair stand on end.

Vain phantoms of distemper'd minds,
Avaunt! ye cannot now delude me.

Go to the traitorous wretch, who's dirk'd
His friend: array before his vision, sights,
Which but to think of, makes one tremble:

Hold to his startled gaze, the dagger dipped
In blood: the pale and ghastly form
Pouring from every vein the purple tide:

Fill his ear with all sounds unearthly—
Shrieks, and groans, and loud laments:

Aye, follow him in dreams, when sleep
Refreshing, falls on other men—and
Harrass him with every shape and form of woe.

But *me* ye cannot harm: my hand is guiltless!

I had a friend—he sleeps 'neath yonder marble,
Where the pale moon-beam, through the shadowy
Foliage that encircles it, darts a fitful glare,
Dimly illuminating the dark scenery.

S.....! accept the tear thy friend, who's doomed
To linger here, must ever shed for thee.

From thy abode in heaven, I would not
Call thee back, again to tread life's weary waste,
Again to see thy sun of bliss o'ercast.

'Twas thine to die far, far away from the
Dear scenes of sacred home. No father
Bowed o'er thy lowly couch in solemn prayer;

No mother watch'd with sick'ning grief,
Thy life ebbing to its close; no sister's
Silvery voice, or brother's stifled tears

Smoothed thy early passage to the tomb.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
Strangers adorn'd thy humble grave,

And mourn'd thy meteor-like career.
Mine too, perchance, 'twill be to close my eyes far
From the sights and sounds of "holy home,"—

That home which I no more may call my own.
My bones may find a resting place
In distant soil, 'neath other skies, where
Providence, benign to all, lavishes

Her richest gifts, stamping nature's drapery
With perennial verdure, while man,
Creation's lord, and God's proudest work,
Merged in pollution's darkest depth, and
Lost in chaos and oblivion of thought,
Pollutes and ruins all. Yet if my Lord
Command, I bow to his behest; may but my
Soul find her home in heaven, her rest in God.

A.

LUXURY AMONG THE BIRDS.—The notion of the Indian loxia lighting up its nest with a glow worm, has usually been considered a popular fable: but the conductors of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" state, that an informant of theirs; a gentleman long resident in India, tried various experiments on the subject, and always found when he took away the glow-worm out of a nest, that it was replaced by the birds with another, which was not used for food, but was stuck on the side of the nest with clay for a lamp.

Miscellaneous.

Sketch of the Life of Com. Tucker,
WHO DIED LATELY AT BREMEN, ME.

Tucker was born on the 1st Nov. 1746 O. S. at Marblehead, Mass. At the age of about 11, he was placed by his father, a respectable shipmaster, on board the Royal George, a British Frigate. At 17, he performed one of the most heroic acts of his life, in rescuing a schooner and crew from a Salatine and Algerine Frigate. In rescuing this vessel a day from Lisbon, he was compelled to force the cowardly master (who was intoxicated at the time) below and as Tucker's brother was mate the command devolved on him; but he fearing to take the helm, our young hero seized it himself, luffed the bow of the windward Frigate, being between the two, and having previously arranged additional sail and dowsed the signal lanthorn at the yard arm, he was for some time exposed to a shower of grape within almost pistol shot. But by a series of tacking and retacking, and courage and superior seamanship, Tucker brought both crew and vessel safely within the harbor of Lisbon the next day. No sooner was he anchored, than he went below, and with apology for the course he was compelled to pursue, gave up the vessel to her lawful commander. But this cowardly and ungrateful man to reward Tucker for thus preserving him and, his crew from the horrors of an Algerine captivity, placed him under a false pretence, on board of a British Frigate then in port. But to this inhuman treatment did Tucker perhaps owe most of his future naval fame. For the captain of the Frigate was not slow in learning the true particulars of the case, and the gallant character of their subject. The result was that the commander of the Frigate took the first opportunity to reward Tucker's merit by promotion, and from this he attained the rank of one of the most accomplished shipmasters in this country.

In the British service he studied the naval tactics of the day with great success, and his knowledge of their system gave him great advantage over them afterwards.—Just before the Revolutionary war commenced, he sailed as master of the ship Phoenix from Boston to London and not long after his arrival, learned the commencement of hostilities, and the news of the Bunker Hill fight. Sometime before his departure from London, as he was one day conversing with an American captain, (Folger) he saw a number of boxes of arms, &c. directed "Boston," and as the officer inspecting their shipment passed, Tucker observed in his hearing that he would go 100 miles barefoot if those arms could so far mistake their direction as to arrive at Cambridge instead of Boston. Not many days after this, he was offered the command of a British vessel, or a commission under Gage, which he indignantly refused.

Late in the summer 1775, he took passage in a ship commanded by his friend

Captain Bell, belonging to the celebrated Robert Morris; and to his great presence of mind and superior seamanship (as attested by Capt. Bell) which saved both ship and lives in a tremendous gale home, was Tucker indebted for that introduction to Mr. Morris which secured to him ever after the active patronage of that distinguished statesman. Such was the zeal of Tucker to espouse the cause of his country that he reported himself to the camp of Washington at Cambridge, and there received a commission as Lieutenant under his friend Col. Glover, even before he visited his own family.

While at Cambridge he had occasion to observe a singular coincidence. The very boxes of arms, that he saw in London marked "Boston" had been captured by Captain Manly off Cape Ann, and were then actually before his eyes,

He had been at home but a few weeks awaiting the orders of his commander, when, as he was amusing himself by catching some small fish through holes in the ice, not far from his own house an officer in full dress rode up in great haste and inquired of him 'if he knew where the Hon. Samuel Tucker lived?' The Hon. Samuel Tucker, [muttered he with much emphasis on the title,] it must be one of the family in Salem. The officer replied that could not be, as he heard Col. Glover direct Gen. Washington to that part of Marblehead near where they now were. My name is Sam Tucker was the reply, and I am the only Sam Tucker hereabout; so, sir I think there must be some mistake in the name. The officer began to suspect that he had found the man, which Tucker as resolutely denied; and after a most amusing dialogue on personal identity Tucker sued for a truce by inviting the officer into his house, and after a glass or two of old particular and a cold slice, the officer, whose orders would not admit of delay, left the package and took French leave, knowing from some circumstances, concealed from Tucker, that he had found the rightful owner.

Unwilling to break the seal of so important a package, Tucker in the evening invited his friend Col. Oren and Mr. Gerry, to meet him, to whom communicated all the circumstances. Col. Oren without hesitation opened the package, and found Tucker's first commission in the Navy signed by George Washington, with his private seal attached, with two blank commissions.—It was to the command of the Franklyn, [with a y instead of an i] remarkable for its brevity and unostentatious appearance, and is now in possession of the family, with many other valuable papers from Jefferson, Adams and other distinguished men of that day.

Not long after this, Manly being sick at Beverly, Tucker received a commission as Commodore, signed by Samuel Adams as chairman of the naval committee and others. This is said to be the first written commission as Commodore, in the gallant little navy of our Revolution.

No commander was more successful than

Tucker in all the various situations in which he was placed, and although he was engaged frequently, with vessels of superior force, he always conquered. Time will not permit me to enumerate the battles he fought, some of which with a courage bordering on desperation.

The war left him in affluent circumstances, and it was then thought an honor to attend the levees of this gallant officer. Under such circumstances he was too generous and patriotic to press his claim on Government, and although the justice of it has been acknowledged by at least one Secretary of War, it remains unpaid. With a liberality and carelessness characteristic of an old sailor, he loaned his name to his friend, for large sums and soon found himself stripped of his property.

With a spirit unsubdued by pecuniary misfortune and supported by the proud reflection that he had never soiled the national flag he had so often borne in triumph, by one dishonest or dishonorable act, he sought a retreat from the ingratitude of the world in the retirement of agricultural pursuits and the enjoyment of domestic bliss; above the wants, and below the envy, of the gay world he had left.

In this secluded but romantic spot, on the margin of a beautiful bay, [formerly Bristol] he passed the evening of his long and arduous life, the greater part of which had been so zealously devoted to his country's service.

A Heart to Sell!—Who'll Buy?

A new song, written expressly for Miss Clara Fisher, and sung by her with enthusiastic applause.

Oh, yes! oh, yes! I've a heart to sell!

Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

'Tis new—'tis fresh, and furnished well,

Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

'Tis bosomed where 'tis never cold,

No prying eyes have seen it;

'Tis worth, at least, its weight in gold,

For love ne'er dwelt within it.

Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

Does any one bid more?

If sold, the bidder must be free.

Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

If let, the lease for life must be!

Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

Or if there's one with whom resides

A heart, not prone to range,

That's kind, and free, and young besides,

I'll take it in exchange.

Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

'Tis going!—going!—gone!!

SOCRATES.—When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied, "small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends." These, indeed, are all that a wise man could desire to assemble; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

SCOTCH SALUTATION.—The North Briton at Auld Reeky, frequently greets his friend with "Weel, Donald, is na this a fine cauld rainy morning?" "Indeed it is, Sandy, a fine cauld rainy morning."

The Shell.**A HISTORICAL APOLOGUE.**

"The world was made for Man," said he.
 "I will tell you an apologue," answered the teacher:

1. In a beautiful bay of the celebrated Island Atlantis, a large Shell of the delicate white, and the most rounded form, the relic from some previous world, lay on the smooth and elastic sand. It was left for a long period undisturbed and unaltered: sometimes kissed by the extreme bubbles of the billows, and often trembling so melodious in the wind, as to have furnished to the early gods the first hint of a musical instrument, and to have been the prototype of the sounding conchs which accompanied with their deep notes the feasts on Olympus, and the Indian triumphs of Bacchus.

2. The moist dust gradually accumulated within it, and the germ of a sea-weed fell upon the soil, and grew until a fair and flourishing plant, with long dark leaves, overhung the white edge of the thin and moonlike vase. For many months the ocean herb retained its quiet existence, imbibed the night-dew of the heavens, rejoiced in the fresh breezes from the sea, and lived in tranquil safety through every change of shower and sunshine. At length, a storm arose which rolled the waters upon the shore. The Shell was overwhelmed, the plant washed out of it, and the light vessel swept into a cleft of the rocks.

3. After some days of calm and warmth, a bird dropped into it a seed, which sprouted, and became an orange tree. Its leaves were so thick and green that they would have supplied a graceful chaplet to a wood nymph, and she might have delighted to place in her bosom the pearly and fragrant blossoms which hung amid the waft of verdure. The seasons with their varieties, and the starry influences of gentle nights, nurtured the shrub, and the pure flowers were changed into gorgeous fruits, which gleamed through the foliage like the glimpses of a gilded statue in some deserted temple through the robes and coronals of creepers which have overgrown it. The orange tree had gladdened many spring times with its sweetness and its splendor, when it faded and died; and the birds of the air piped a lamentation over the shrub, amid the living beauty of which they had so often nestled.

4. In after years when nothing remained of the orange but a slight and dreamy odor around the Shell, and the last light grains of the dust wherein it grew had been borne away by the eddying breezes, a butterfly, as red and glittering as the planet Mars, came on its crimson wings to the dim and spiral cell. It fluttered around the ivory entrance, poised itself upon it for a moment, and waved its silken sails. Then, after darting and circling, like a winged mote of the sunbeam, through the deep woods and over the sea, it returned to perish. While it sank into its quiet and beautiful retreat, it yet seemed loth to leave a world which to it had been a fairy domain; but the ne-

cessity of its nature was upon it, and it closed the gay leaflets which had sustained its flight, and resigned itself to death.

5. It was followed by a troop of bees, which took possession of the Shell, and after their daily excursions over meadow and bloomy bank, returned to its smooth and undulated chambers with the materials of their combs, and with large stores of bright and luxurious honey. The tiny echoes of their abode resounded with the constant hum of labor and happiness, and it was soon as brimming as a wine cup at a nuptial feast, with the rich and perfumed treasures of the insects, arranged and sealed in the exact compartments which filled the interior of their silvery palace. But a bird attacked and destroyed their commonwealth, and again the Shell was left empty.

6. A humming bird, all emerald, ruby, and sapphire, then discovered the lonely nook, and folded there its jeweled wings. It soon found a mate, and together they lived a flowery life. He who had seen either of them wandering at sunset through the glen, would have believed that the brilliant core of the western sky was fluttering away along the earth; or the little animal might have been thought the choicest signet of a prince, transformed of a sudden into a living thing, and endued with the power of flight. When they wheeled together towards their home at twilight, no pair of fire flies, no twin-lights of the firmament, could be brighter than were their diamond crests. The sweet essences of a thousand buds and flowers supplied their nourishment; and, while they sucked the delicious juices of ripe fruits, their wings were tintured by the lightest bloom of the plum and the grape. But the rain dropped thick and fast into the Shell, and the gentle birds, which seemed made to whisper love messages in the rosebud ear of a lady, and to hide themselves in sport among her ringlets, departed from their nest, and sought in sparry grotto, or in southern bower, a more secure habitation for their lovely but frail existence.

7. Lastly, at sunrise, seemed flitting from the morning star an elfin spirit, which danced into the Shell, and assumed it as his home. It thrilled with life and pulsation: and, while a spring gushed out of the rock, and bore it along toward the sea, he spread his thin wings to the breeze, and sailed in his lily colored argosy away over the blue and sunny deep. The white shell, and its new sovereign, moved forward with the graceful swiftness of a snowy swan, tilting over the light ripples of the water, and when night came with its constellations, seemed to be itself a trembling star on the verge of the horizon. That spirit, too, shall inhabit the Shell but for a time, and shall then depart, that he may develop, in some other more fitting position, the whole capacities of his nature. The Shell will sink into the waves and be joined to the treasures of the ocean caverns, in them, also, to aid the existence of other beings, and to fulfill a new cycle of its ministry.

The Shell is the **WORLD**: that spirit, **MAN**. Yet not for man alone was it created, but for all the living things in the successive stages of existence, which can find in it a means of happiness, and an instrument of the laws which govern their being.

From the Shrine.

A Roundelay.

TRANSLATED FROM FLORIAN.

Let not my tender, youthful face
 Move you my song to scorn,
 Since Love dwells in thy every grace,
 Who from a smile was born;
 Bowing before whose melting sway
 Proud kings and Shepherds all obey;
 For whom the lyre has oft been strung,
 Though weak as I, and full as young.

Cowards beneath his shadowy wings
 In dauntless bravery stand,
 Captive, the savage heart he brings
 Bound by his silken band;
 The wise are left no longer free,
 Yet gain a sweeter liberty;
 This king of wise men and of strong—
 Is weak as I, and full as young.

The soul of every living thing
 Is under his control,
 He tunes the birds' soft caroling,
 And twines in love the whole.—
 Air and heaven, the sea and land,
 Yield obedience to his hand;
 This King of nature—lord of song,
 Is weak as I, and full as young.

His gifts, 't is said, are ever fraught
 With woe, and pains, and grief;
 By him are mortals ever taught
 To find a false relief
 In Hope seductive, blandly smiling,
 Flattering still, and still beguiling!
 His magic chains are round us flung,
 Though weak as I, and full as young.

When the roseate dawn appears,
 We know the sun will rise;
 So Estella's grace declares
 Love hid within her eyes;
 From her drooping lashes seeming,
 Like a diamond's brilliant gleaming;
 That Love who rules the Gods among,
 Is weak as I, and full as young.

Innocence.

How sweet is the fresh blooming flower,
 When wet with the dews of the morn;
 How sweet is the soft stealing shower,
 When it drops from the leaves of the thorn.

How sweet is the calm of the night,
 When folly and pleasure repose;
 How sweet, and how full of delight
 Is the first opening bud of the rose,

But sweeter than all is the mind
 Preserved by the virtue of youth;
 It possesses a heart that is kind,
 A soul that knows nothing but truth.

The blue laws of Connecticut have long been a source of merriment to the citizens of the present day. But it is not generally known that some of the early acts of the Legislature of Pennsylvania are equally queer. About the year 1880 or 81, the Legislature passed a resolution that, no member thereof should come to the *House bare foot or eat his bread and cheese on the steps.*—*Louis. Her.*

Why is a two wheeled vehicle in danger of being robbed? Because it has a *nave* each side of it.

The Magdalen.

FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

Despised daughter of frailty! Outcast of outcasts! Poor wayward lamb, torn by the foulest wolf of the forest! My tears shall fall on your memory, as often they did over the wretched recital of sin and shame which I listened to on your deserted deathbed! Oh that they could have fallen on you early enough to wash away the first stain of guilt; that they could have trickled down upon your heart in time to soften it once more into virtue!—Ill-fated victim, towards whom the softest heart of tenderness that throbs in your sex, beats, not with sympathy, but scorn and anger! My heart yearned for thee, when none else knew of thee, or cared for thy fate! Yes—and above all, (devoutly be the hope expressed!) the voice of heaven whispered in thine aching ear, peace and forgiveness; so that death was but as the dark seal of thy pardon, registered in the courts of Eternal Mercy!

Many as are the scenes of guilt and misery sketched in this Diary, I know not that I have approached any with feelings of such profound and unmixed sorrow as that which it is my painful lot now to lay before the public. Reader, if your tears start, if your heart ache as you go on with the gloomy narrative—pause, that those tears may swell into a stream, that that heart may well nigh break, to think how common, how every-day is the story!

Look round you, upon the garden of humanity; see where the lilies, lovely and white as snow in their virgin purity, are blooming—see—see how many of them suddenly fade, wither, fall! Go nearer—and behold an adder lying coiled around their stems! Think of this—and then be yourself—young man, or hold THAT AD-DER, if you can!

About 9 o'clock, on a miserable Sunday evening, in October, 18—, we were sitting quietly at home around our brisk fire, listening, in occasional intervals of silence, to the rain, which, as it had during the whole of the day, still came down heavily, accompanied with the dreary whistling of the wind. The gloom without served but to enhance by contrast the cheerfulness—the sense of snugness within. I was watching my good wife discharge her regular Sunday evening duty of catechising the children, and pleasing myself with the promptitude and accuracy of my youngest child's replies, when the servant brought me up word that I was wanted below. I went down stairs immediately. In the hall, just beneath the lamp, sat the ungainly figure of a short, fat, bloated old Jewess.

"This here lady wishes to see you, sir," said she, rising with a somewhat tipsy tone and air, and handing to me a small dirty slip of paper, on which was written, "Miss Edwards, No. 11, — Court, — street, (3d floor.)" The hand-writing of the paper, hasty as was the glance I gave it,

struck me. It was small and elegant, but evidently the production of a weak or unsteady hand.

"Pray what is the matter with this lady?" I inquired.

"Matter, sir! Matter enough I warrant me! The young woman's not to live, as I reckon. She's worn out—that's all!" she replied, with a freedom amounting to rudeness, which at once gave me an inkling of her real character.

"Do you think it absolutely necessary for me to call on her to-night?" I inquired, not much liking the sort of place I was likely to be led to.

"She does, I fancy, poor thing—and she *really* looks very ill!"

"Is it any sudden illness?"

"No, sir—it's been coming on this long time—ever since she came to live with me. My daughter and I think 'tis a decline."

"Couldn't you take her to a dispensary?" said I, doubtfully.

"May'be—you'll be *paid* for your visit, I suppose. Isn't that enough?" said the woman, with an impudent air.

"Well, well—I'll follow you in a minute or two, said I, opening the street door, for there was something in the woman's appearance that I hated to have in my house.

"I say, sir!" she called out in an undertone, as I was somewhat unceremoniously shutting the door upon her—"You musn't be put out of your way, mind, if any of my girls should be about. They're noisy devils, to be sure—but they won't meddle"—The closing of the door prevented my hearing the conclusion of the sentence. I stood for a few moments irresolute. My duty, however, so far seemed clear—and all minor considerations, I thought, should give way; so I equipped myself quickly, and set out on my walk, which was as unpleasant as wind, rain, and darkness could make it.

I do not see why I should mince matters by hesitating to state that the house in which I found myself after about ten minutes walk, was one of ill-fame—and that, too, apparently, of the lowest and vilest description. The street which led to — Court, was narrow, ill-lighted, and noisy—swarming with persons and places of infamous character. I was almost alarmed for my personal safety as I passed them; and, on entering the court, trembled for a valuable repeater I had about me. At that moment, too, I happened to recollect having read, some time before, in a police report, an account of a method of entrapping unwary persons, very similar in circumstances to those in which I found myself at that moment. A medical man was suddenly summoned to see—he was told—a dying patient; but on reaching the residence of the supposed invalid, he was set upon unexpectedly by thieves, robbed of every thing he had about him, and turned into the street severely, if not dangerously beaten. A pleasant reminiscence! Concealing, however, my watch as well as I

could, and buttoning my great coat up to the chin, I resolved to persevere, trusting to the protection of Providence. The life of a fellow-creature might really be at stake; and, besides, I was no stranger to scenes of misery and destitution among the lowest orders. — Court was a nest of hornets. The dull light of a single lamp in the middle of it shewed me the slatternly half-dressed figures of young women, clustering about the open door of every house in the court, and laughing loudly as they occasionally shouted to one another across the court. All this was sickening and ill-omened enough, but I resolved not even yet to give up. No. 11, I found was the last house in the court; and just as I was going to inquire of a filthy creature squatting on the door steps, she called out to some one within, "Mother, Mother! Here's the Doctor come to see Sall!"

Her "mother," the wretch who had called upon me, presently sauntered to the door with a candle in her hand. She seemed to have been disturbed at drinking; and, a little to my alarm, I heard the gruff voice of a man in the room she had just quitted.

"Please to follow me, sir! This way, sir. The young woman is up stairs."

The moment that the bedroom door was opened, another emotion than that of apprehension occupied my mind. The apartment was little, if at all, superior to that which I have described in a former paper, as the residence of the Irish family, "the O'Hurdles." It was much smaller, and infinitely filthier. A candle, that seemed never to have been snuffed, stood on the chimney-piece, beside one or two filthy cups and jugs, shedding a dull, dismal sort of twilight over a chair or two, a small rickety chest of drawers, an old hair trunk with the lid broken in, a small circular table, on which was a phial and a tea-cup; and along the further extremity of the room, a wretched pallet, all tossed and disordered. There was a tolerable fire burning in a very small grate, and the inclemency of the weather seemed completely excluded by a little window, two-thirds of whose panes were, however, stuffed with rags, paper, &c. I felt disposed, immediately on entering, to remove one of them, for there was a horrid closeness in the room.

"Well, there she is in the bed, poor devil, ill enough, I'll answer for't," said the old woman, panting with the effort of ascending the stairs. Reaching down the candle from the chimney-piece, she snuffed it with her fingers, and set it upon the table; and then, after stirring up the fire, she took up the candle she had brought, and withdrew, saying, as she went out, "Miss Edwards said she'd rather see you alone, so I'm off, you know. If you want any thing I dare say you can call out for it; some of the girls will be sure to hear you."

I was happy to be relieved of her presence! When the door had closed upon her, I drew one of the chairs to the bedside, together with the table and candle, which

showed me the figure of a female lying on her back amidst the disordered clothes, her black hair stretched dishevelled over the pillow, and her face completely concealed beneath both hands.

"Well, madam, are you in much pain?" I inquired, gently trying, at the same time, to disengage her right hand, that I might both feel her pulse and see her countenance. I did not succeed, however, for her hands were clasped over her face with some little force; and, as I made the effort I have mentioned, a faint sob burst from her.

"Come, come, madam," I continued, in as gentle a tone as I could, renewing the effort to dislodge her hand, "I'm afraid you are in much pain! Don't however, prevent my doing what little may be in my power to relieve you!" Still her hands moved not. "I'm Doctor—; you yourself sent for me! What is ailing you? You need not hide your face from me in this strange way!—Come!"

"There, then!—Do you know me?" she exclaimed, in a faint shriek, at the same time starting up suddenly in bed, and removing her hands from her face, which—her hair pressed away on each side by her hands—was turned towards me with an anguished affrighted stare, her features white and wasted. The suddenness and singularity of the action sufficiently startled me. She continued in the same attitude and expression of countenance, (the latter most vividly recalling to my mind that of Mrs. Siddons, celebrated in pictures, in the most agitating crisis of her *Lady Macbeth*), breathing in short quick gasps, and with her eyes fixed wildly upon me. If the look did not petrify me, as the fabled head of Medusa, it shocked, or rather horrified me beyond all expression, as I gazed at it; for—could my eyes see aright?—I gradually recognized the face as one known to me. The cold thrill that passed through me—the sickening sensations I then experienced, creep over me now that I am writing.

"Why—am I right?—ELEANOR?" I exclaimed faintly, my hands elevated with consternation, at the same time almost doubting the evidence of my senses. She made me no reply, but shook her head with frantic violence for a few moments, and then sunk exhausted on the pillow. I would have spoken to her—I would have touched her; but the shock of what I had just seen, had momentarily unnerved me. I did not recover my self-possession till I found that she had fainted. Oh, mercy, mercy! what a wreck of beauty was I gazing on! Could it be possible? Was this pallid, worn-out, death-struck creature, lying in such a den of guilt and pollution; was this the gay and beautiful girl I had once known as the star of the place where she resided—whom my wife knew—whom in short we had both known, and that familiarly? The truth flashed in a moment over my shuddering, reluctant soul. I must be gazing on the spoil of the seducer! I looked with horror, not to say loathing, or her lifeless features,

till I began to doubt whether, after all, they could really be those I took them to be. But her extraordinary conduct—there could be no mistake when I thought of that. With the aid of a vinaigrette, which I always carried about with me, and dashing a little cold water in her face, she gradually revived. The moment her slowly-opening eyes fell upon me, she closed them again, turned aside her head with a convulsive start, and covered her face as before with her hands.

"Come, come, Miss B—," a stifled groan burst from her lips on hearing me mention her real name, and she shook her head with agony unutterable, "you must be calm, or I can do nothing for you.—There's nothing to alarm you, surely, in me! I am come at your request, and wish to be of service to you. Tell me at once, now, where do you feel pain?"

"Here!" replied the wretched girl, placing her left hand with convulsive energy upon her heart. Oh, the tone of her voice! I would to Heaven—I would to Heaven, that the blackest seducer on earth could have been present to hear her utter that *one word!*

"Have you any pain in the other side?" I inquired, looking away from her to conceal my emotion, and trying to count her pulses. She nodded in the affirmative.

"Do you spit much during the day? Any blood, Miss B—?"

"Miss B—!" she echoed, with a smile of mingled despair and grief; "call me rather *Devil!* Don't mock me with kind words! Don't Doctor! No, not a word—a single word—a word," she continued, with increasing wildness of tone and air. "See—I'm prepared! I'm beforehand! I expected something like this!—Don't—don't dare me! Look!" She suddenly thrust her right hand under the bed-clothes, and to my horror, drew from under them a table-knife, which she shook before me with the air of a maniac. I wrenched it out of her hand with little difficulty.

"Well, then—so—so"—she gasped, clutching at her throat with both her hands. I rose up from my chair, telling her in a stern tone, that if she persisted in such wild antics, I should leave her at once; that my time was valuable, and the hour besides growing late.

"Go—go then! Desert one whom the world has already deserted!—yes, go—go away—I deserve no better—and yet—I did not expect it!" exclaimed the miserable girl, bursting into a flood of bitter, but relieving tears. Finding that what I had said had produced its desired effect, I resumed my seat. There was a silence of several moments.

"I—I suppose you are shocked—to—to see me here—but you've heard it all"—said she faintly.

"Oh—we'll talk about that by and by; I must first see about your health. I am afraid you are *very* ill! haven't you been long so?—Why did you not send for me

earlier?—Rely upon it, you need not have sent twice!"

"Oh—can you ask me, Doctor?—I dared not!—I wish—oh, how I wish I had not sent for you *now!* The sight of you has driven me nearly mad! You must see that it has—but you did not mean it! Oh!—oh!—oh!" she groaned, apparently half choked—"what I feel *Here!*" pressing both her hands upon her heart, "what a *hell!*" quivering forth the last word with an intonation that was fearful.

"Once more—I entreat of you to check your feelings, otherwise, it is absurd for me to be here! What good can I possibly do you, if you rave in this manner?" said I sternly. She made no reply, but suddenly coughed violently; then started up in the bed, felt about in haste for her handkerchief, raised it to her lips, and drew it away marked with blood.

I proceeded to bleed her immediately, having obtained what was necessary—with great difficulty without summoning any one for the present into the room. I bled her till she fainted. A few minutes before she became insensible—while the death-like hue and expression of fainting were stealing over her features, she exclaimed, though almost inaudibly—"Am I dying?"

When I had taken the requisite quantity of blood, I bound up the arm, as well as I could, took out my pencil, hastily wrote a prescription on a slip of paper, and called for such assistance as might be within reach. A young woman of odious appearance answered my summons by bursting noisily into the room.

Pity for the miserable victim I had in charge, joined with disgust and horror at the persons about me and the place in which I was kept me silent—till the woman last alluded to, made her appearance with the medicine I had ordered, and which I instantly poured into a cup and gave my patient. "Is the young woman much worse, sir?" she inquired in an under tone, and with something like concern of manner.

"Yes"—I replied laconically, "she must be taken care of, and that well—or she will not live the night out"—I whispered.

"Better take her to the hospital, at once—hadn't we?" she inquired, approaching the bed, and eyeing Miss Edwards with stupid curiosity.

"She is not to be moved out of her bed, at the peril of her life—not for many days, mind, woman—I tell you that distinctly."

I once more took my seat at the bedside. Miss Edwards' face evidenced the agitation with which she had listened to the cruel and insolent language of the bedlam in whose power she for the present lay. I trembled for the effect of it.

"Now, I entreat you, suffer me to have all the talking to myself for a moment or two. You can answer all my questions with a nod, or so. Do you think that if I were to send to you a nice respectable woman—a nurse from a dispensary with which I am connected—to attend upon you, the

people of the house would let you remain quiet for a few days—till you could be removed? Nod, if you think so." She looked at me with surprise while I talked about removing her, but she simply nodded in acquiescence.

"If you are well enough by and bye, would you object to being taken from this place to a dispensary, where I would see to your comfort?" She shook her head.

"Are you indebted to any one here?"

"No, my guilt has paid"—she whispered. I pressed my finger on my lips, and she ceased. "Well, we understand one another for the present. I must not stay much longer, and you must not be exhausted. I shall charge the people below to keep you quiet, and a kind experienced nurse shall be at your bedside within two hours from this time. I will leave orders, till she comes, with the woman of the house to give you your medicine, and to keep you quiet, and the room cool. Now, I charge you, by all your hopes of life—by all your fears of death—let nothing prevail on you to open your lips, unless it be absolutely necessary. Good evening—may God protect you!" I was rising, when she beckoned me into my seat again. She groped with her hand under her pillow for a moment, and brought out a purse.

"Pho, Pho! put it away—at least for the present!" said I.

"Your fee *must* be paid!" she whispered.

"I visit you as a dispensary patient, and shall assuredly receive no fee. You cannot move me, any more than you can shake St. Paul's," said I, in a peremptory tone.—Dropping her purse, she seized my hand in both hers, and looking up at me with woeful expression, her tears fell upon it. After a pause, she whispered, "Only a single word!—Mrs.——," naming my wife, "you will not tell her of me?" she inquired, with an imploring look. "No I will not!" I replied, though I knew I should break my word the moment I got home. She squeezed my hand, and sighed heavily. I did not regret to see her beginning to grow drowsy with the effect of the medicine I had given her, so I slipped quietly out of the room. Having no candle I was obliged to grope my way down stairs in the dark. I was shocked and alarmed to hear, as I descended, by the angry voices both of men and women, that there was a disturbance down stairs. Oh, what a place for such a patient as I had quitted. I paused when half way down, to listen. "I tell you, I *didn't* take the watch," shrieked the infuriate voice of a female.

"Silence, woman!" said I indignantly, "and listen to what I am saying. I tell you, Miss Edwards is my patient; that she is in dying circumstances; and I hold you all responsible for her safety. If she dies through being disturbed, or frightened in any way, recollect you will be guilty of murder, and I will witness against you!"

"I'm very sorry for the poor thing, sir—very,"—she replied; "she's the quietest,

civilest, best-behaved of any of our ladies, by far! What can we do, sir?"

"Keep the house quiet; do not let her be spoken to—and in an hour's time I shall send a proper woman to wait upon her."

"Lord, sir, but how's the poor creature to pay you and the woman, too? She's been laid up, I don't know how long—indeed ever since she's been here!"

"That I will see about. All I want from you is to attend to what I have told you. I shall call here early to-morrow morning, and hope to find my wishes have been attended to. It will be a very serious business for you all, mind me, if they have not. If I do not find this hubbub cease instantly, I shall, at my own expense, engage a constable to keep the peace here. Tell this to the people without there. I know the magistrates at — street office, and will certainly do what I say." She promised respectfully that all I said should be attended to as far as possible; and I hurried from such a scene as it has not often been my lot to witness. I thanked God heartily, on quitting the house and neighborhood, that I found myself once more in the open air, cold, dark, and rainy, though it was. I breathed freely for the first time since entering within the atmosphere of such horrible contamination.

[To be continued.]

The Tablet.

Junior Exhibition.

Mother Yale gave an exhibition of the talent of her Junior sons, on Tuesday last. The performances were very creditable to the young gentlemen engaged in them, and very honorable to the training of their foster-mother; and we think they will well sustain a comparison with those of former years. The subjects were well selected, and afforded opportunity for displaying the diversified powers of mind; and the sentiments of the pieces were marked with a tone of correct moral principle, which does equal justice to the head and heart of the writers. It would be invidious, perhaps, to institute comparisons between individual performances, and we shall content ourselves by dropping the remark, that with regard to some of the pieces, the writers seemed to find their subject rather laborious, for want of clear and comprehensive views of it; which, by the way, is a very common fault of the juvenile literati, and deserving of their attention: they overreach their capacities by selecting a subject beyond their powers, and grasping at some partial and separate views, think that they can master it, until they find themselves in the situation of a greedy nursery child, with an overloaded stomach. We were pleased to observe that there were many pieces, where this objection could not lie with much force; the clear and connected arrangement of their ideas removing the subject beyond its application.—There was some exhibition of genuine wit, and some that would pass only for show; however, our gravity was more than once disturbed, and we can now hardly settle our face to its wonted sober appearance, while thinking of the caricatures that

were so successfully drawn, and so well personified. We hope, after another year's study and discipline, to see these young candidates for fame stepping forth from the bosom of their literary home, to bear higher and better marks of distinction, and to do greater honor to their Alma Mater, than can be imparted by any college appointment, by the fidelity and diligence with which they shall serve the interests they may be called to sustain.

The occasion was graced by the attendance of about the usual number of ladies, notwithstanding the weather was unpropitious. We should judge, however, from other appearances that the public interest in such exhibitions was on the decline.

The Magdalen.

It will be perceived, that in the present number of the Tablet we have commenced publishing 'The Magdalen,' from the diary of a Physician. It furnishes a striking commentary upon the weakness and depravity of human nature; and being written in a graphic and masterly style, the deep pathos of its sentiment, as well as the thrilling interest of the narrative, will not fail, we are sure, to engage the attention, and enlist the sympathies of our readers. In it is depicted in a forcible manner, the condition of one who was unhappily seduced from a home of innocence and virtue to a life of guilt and shame. We can see here the fatal consequences of deviating from the path of rectitude; and that one step in the way of guilt is but the commencement of a course of infamy, disgrace and ruin. May heaven preserve our readers from the guilt of the tempter, and the wretchedness of the poor tempted one. We commend it to their attentive perusal, and when their hearts are moved by its sickening details of crime and woe, let them remember, that all the realities of this picture are still being acted over by thousands of unhappy wretches, who unlike the subject of this narrative, when the sigh of penitence has burst from their aching bosoms, and they have cast an anxious longing look to the scenes of their early home, and the kind solaces of friendship and affection which they once enjoyed, can see no avenue of hope, and have turned in wild despair again to fill their cup of misery and guilt, and drink and die.

On account of the length of the article, we shall not be able to give the usual variety of matter, for several numbers, but we think that no apology will be demanded.

The Magdalen has been published in a pamphlet form, and is for sale by Mr. S. Babcock, of this city.

THE MARCH OF MIND.—A Boston paper says—"A female domestic called at the dwelling house of a gentleman a few days since, to obtain a place in his kitchen as cook. She had under her arm two volumes, which proved to be Don Juan and Moore's Life of Byron. She had just borrowed these of a literary friend, who was serving as a cook in the family of Mr. S."

Obscurity in writing is commonly an argument of darkness in the mind; the greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness.

New York Mirror,

A REPOSITORY OF LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS:
Edited by GEO. P. MORRIS, THEODORE S. FAY, and
NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

The publishers of this deservedly popular work, have issued their prospectus for the 11th volume, the first number of which will be published on the 6th day of July next. This periodical has gained for itself a lasting reputation. The publishers have spared neither pains nor expense, to make it worthy of an extensive patronage, and their efforts have not been unavailing. We assert without fear of contradiction, that there never has been nor ever will be, a periodical in our country, as well received as the Mirror; and we can say with its editors, that "we wish to see it a welcome visitor in the drawing room of the intelligent and good—a gift from a father to his social fireside, sufficient to chase away gloom with merry thoughts, and rebuke impropriety by moral illustrations."

The prospectus before us is too long to be published entire in our paper, but the following extracts will show that the eleventh will be superior to any former volume.

LITERARY CHARACTER.—In future the Mirror shall assume a more various, interesting, and higher character. New sources of sterling original matter are opened to us, comprehending as well the productions of several able Foreign Correspondents, as additional Native Authors, well known as among the successful supporters of our literature, and we are annually gaining, besides those hitherto within our power, other invaluable facilities for providing the most choice selections from popular journals abroad. We feel more emboldened to claim the continuance and extension of the support which our countrymen have already bestowed, from our conviction that, as it has increased, each successive volume of the Mirror has in proportion presented a regular and strongly marked improvement. In the Eleventh Volume, we pledge ourselves that this improvement shall be yet more perceptible and satisfactory; that other agreeable writers, as they come within our reach, shall be added to our present correspondents, and that our columns shall be strengthened, varied and enriched with materials which publishers throughout this country and in Great Britain are extending towards us. There is no arrogance in our hope that we have at length, after years of toil, not free from despondency, and of heavy pecuniary outlays, for which we are only at this advanced period become adequately indemnified, taken root permanently in our native soil, and become in some measure identified with our native Periodical Literature. Even unjust criticism will improve without injuring us, and unfair competition only impel us to more indefatigable perseverance. We rely on the discernment of the country for the success of our claims, and no longer fear the possibility of being undersold by works which only afford to be cheaper because they are inferior.

In the eleventh volume, the paper will be so much enlarged as to admit an entire page of additional matter, but it will sufficiently adhere to the former size for the purpose of being bound in correspondence with the rest.

ENGRAVINGS.—The plates will be *Superb*. They will consist of *first-rate steel engravings*, four in number, beside an elegant vignette Title page.

The first will represent a lovely and picturesque water and wood view, in the vicinity of this city, and characteristic of the wild and romantic beauty of American scenery.

"Grand and bold,
Columbia, thus the child of nature's choice,
Scales all her wonders to the Rhodian mold;
Her lakes are oceans, every stream a bay,
Wide through her frame its branching arteries
throws.

Her mountains kiss the moon: her sapient sway
A beauteous belt hath wrought, whose ties en-
close

Tribes without end, realm after realm embraced
In freedom's opening arms, the savage and the
waste."

It is painted by Weir, and engraved by Smilie, in the best manner of those eminent artists. The cost of this single engraving will exceed \$600.

In the course of the volume, we shall also present our readers with a great National Picture, embracing accurate likenesses of Presidents Geo. Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Andrew Jackson, appropriately grouped. The expense of this plate will exceed \$1000.

Subjects for the other two plates are not yet selected, but they shall correspond with the character and standing of the work.

The plan of the Mirror embraces every subject within the range of the *fine arts* and the *belles-lettres*, and writers, scholars, and contemporary journals, on both sides of the Atlantic, have unequivocally asserted, that there is no work which gives such valuable equivalent for the amount of subscription, or which possesses more strong and undeniable claims to the efficient support of the American people.

CONDITIONS.—The Mirror is published every Saturday, in the super-royal quarto form. It is embellished once in three months, with a splendid super-royal quarto engraving, and every week with a popular piece of music, arranged for the piano-forte, harp, guitar, &c. A beautifully engraved vignette Title-page, and a copious index are furnished. The terms are *four dollars per annum, payable in advance*.

Mrs. Willard, of Troy, N. Y. has recently published an "Appeal in favor of Female Education, especially in Greece."

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

The Eternal One.

All the range of Nature's reign—
Sunny landscapes, smiling ever—
Silver moons, and starry train—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

Suns and planets—every orb,
Spark of Thee, who shinest forever,
Time shall quench, and age absorb—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

Wealth and beauty, pride and power—
Ties which only death could sever—
Every fruit of earth, and flower—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

Emerald Isles on Ocean sleeping—
Skies that seem to spread forever—
Links of life, through Nature creeping—
These shall fade; but Thou shalt—never!

Every grace of human art,
Time's unsparing scythe shall sever—
Dreams of fancy—spells of art—
These shall fade; but thou shalt—never!

All shall fade, from earth and sea;
Oceans dry, and mountains sever;
Tide and Time shall cease to be—
Thou alone remain'st forever! KEMBLE.

IRISH DISCRIMINATION.—A lady observing in company how glorions and useful a body the sun was. The sun indeed, to be sure, says an Irish gentleman present, is a very fine body; but, in my opinion, the moon is much more useful; for the moon affords us light in the night time, when we really want it; whereas we have the sun with us only in the day time, when we have no occasion for it.

THE PALM TREE.—This tree seems particularly intended by Providence for the uncivilized and destitute savage. It affords him a pleasant drink, and, indeed, the common and favorite drink, especially along the coast of Africa. The wine, as the juice is called, is obtained precisely as the juice of the maple is in America for a different purpose; a hole is bored in the trunk of a tree, a spout made of a leaf inserted, and through this the liquor flows into a calabash beneath, which, holding two or three gallons, will probably be filled during the day. It soon assumes a milky appearance, and is generally used in that state; if kept longer, it acquires rather a bitter flavor. The palm tree also affords a valuable oil, of which immense quantities have been heretofore taken off by foreigners, particularly by Liverpool traders. The palm wood is an excellent material in building the simple dwellings of the natives.

Married,

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Bacon, Mr. Samuel F. Perkins, of Woodbridge, to Miss Mehetable Stow, of Milford.

In Trinity Church, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, Mr. Charles O'Neil, to Miss Eunice B. Jacobs, daughter of John H. Jacobs, Esq. all of this city.

In the Baptist Church, on the 14th inst. by Rev. Mr. Cushman, Mr. Luzerne Blakesley, of Meriden, to Miss Jane C. Brown, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Levings, Mr. Robert O'Brien to Miss Sarah Thompson, all of this city.

At Branford, on the 25th inst., Mr. Levi H. Norton, printer, of this city, to Miss Jennette Howd.

Died,

At Wethersfield, (Rocky Hill,) on the 15th inst. Miss Sally Whitmore, aged 17, daughter of Mr. Henry Whitmore.

At Wethersfield, Mr. Robert Warner, aged 83.
At Waterbury, Capt. Walter Judd, a soldier of the revolution.

Agents for the Tablet.

CONNECTICUT.—Oxford, David J. McEwen; Litchfield, A. N. Smith; Newtown, J. A. Cargill; Lebanon, Chas. H. Buckingham.

NEW YORK.—N. Y. Mills, Oneida Co. Chas. L. Curtiss; Westmoreland, Oneida Co., Samuel S. Curtiss; Greenport, L. I., J. N. Braddick.

VIRGINIA.—Wheeling, Geo. S. McKeirnan; Lynchburg, J. D. Murrell, P. M.

OHIO.—Cincinnati, Wm. T. Truman; Mount Vernon, Editor of Gazette.

GEORGIA.—McDonough, A. T. Hardin; Eatonton, P. A. Lawson.

KENTUCKY.—Louisville, Wilcox, Dickerman, & Co.

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